Wm Cowper

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE TOWN, &c.

The ARGUMENT.

The fantaſtic Taſte of the Age cannot be more naturally expreſſed, than by ſuppoſing ſome polite Perſon to ariſe from the Dead, and view the preſent Alteration. Which being improbable, the Author has inſpired a Man of Sence and Honour with a Deſire of reviſiting the Town after above 40 Years Abſence from it; and, to avoid the Abſurdity of Soliloquy, has furniſhed him with an humble Companion, who, as he is no Ways qualified for a Cenſor, has the Modeſty to ſpeak but once through the whole Poem.

I.

A KNIGHT long abſent from the Town,
Who all its gay Delights had known;
Frequented Court, the Park, and Plays,
In good King *Charles* the Second's Days;
When Wit was cheriſh'd, and preferr'd,
And Taſte and Learning, found Regard.

BUT hold! for juſt Decorum ſake,
This Knight ſome *Nom de Guerre* muſt take,
Which may in Courſe hereafter, ſhew him,
To be the Hero of the Poem.

WEE'LL call him *Lindo*: Let it paſs;
From whence he came; or who he was;
No Circumſtance is, of the Tale:
Politely bred, rich, young, and hale;
Thro' all the Rounds of Vice he'ad run,
In ſearch of Good, like *Solomon*:
Yet nought beneath the Sun, he found
On which his Happineſs to ground.
Quite tir'd with Pleaſure's empty Chace,
He gave to better Thoughts a Place;
And to a Country Life retir'd,
There found that Bliſs, his Soul deſir'd.
Sweet Air; cool Thoughts; and quiet Reſt;
Were, to his Intellects, a Feaſt:
And by the Diff'rence, made him find
A Scorn, for what he left behind.
An eaſy Fortune, pleaſant Seat,
Compact, and elegantly neat:
Well choſen Books adorn his Shelf,
And rural Sports preſerve his Health.

Courted,

Courted, and lov'd, by all around;
For Hoſpitality, renown'd:
Yet, prudent Management was ſeen,
Not too profuſe; nor yet too mean.
No Tenants Cries invade his Ears,
He had their Bleſſing, and their Pray'rs;
An Happineſs he never knew
'Midſt all his idle jovial Crew;
For *Lindo*, had a Taſte refin'd,
A noble, and exalted Mind:
Courteous to all, and yet reſerv'd:
He Freedoms for his Friends preſerv'd.

One, more than all the reſt he choſe,
On whom to fix his Soul's Repoſe;
Nor was miſtaken in his Aim,
For, *Belus* merited his Claim.
To him, he thus diſclos'd his Mind,
My Friend! 'tis true, I have reſign'd
A Life of Pleaſure, long ago;
And yet (methinks) I'd gladly know
The Truth of what we daily hear,
And ſee, how Things indeed appear,

Come, wilt thou take a Trip to Town
With me, unknowing, and unknown?
Like Antiquaries, we'll ſurvey
The Monuments of Time's Decay;
Sure it will yield a vaſt Delight,
To recollect each pleaſing Sight,
And ſee what Lives Succeſſors lead,
'Twill be like Riſing from the Dead;
Well, ſtudy not for a Reply,
I read Compliance in your Eye;
To-morrow's dawning Sun, ſhall ſee
We'll be as early out as he.

So up they came, and take their Inn
At grizly Head of *Sarazen*;
What Servants ſaid, or what they thought,
It to the Reader matters not;
For up to Town, they brought not one,
Except the Beaſts they rode upon:
Here let them reſt, a Day, or two,
Then make a Tour, and take their View.

II.

Unto the Church! they firſt repair,
But found no Alteration there;

The

The ſelf-ſame Worſhip, undefil'd,
Lindo was taught but when a Child:
Thanks Heav'n! cry'd he, ſo far we're right,
The reſt I hope, is all but Spight.

Come, now we'll o'er the City range,
And viſit next the *Old Exchange*,
Where like a Prince's Palace-Court,
Agents, from all the Word reſort.
'Tis now the Hour, and thou ſhalt ſee
An univerſal Empory.
Belus, thou never wer't in Town,
Mark well, the Riches there are ſhown.
The gold Brocades, and curious Laces,
The crowded Shops and pretty Faces
Of ſmiling Nymphs, with all their Paces,
Of what d'ye lack Sir,; What d'ye buy?
The Money from thy Purſe will fly,
For who ſuch Aſkers, can deny?

Ah! What is this? The Gates are ſhut,
Pray Youth let me a Queſtion put,
You live ſo near, you can but know
From whence this ſudden Turn doth flow.

THE Boy replied, with ſaucy Sneer,
No ſudden Turn, it is; I ſwear:
Where have you ſlept, old Father *Time?*
The Hours are chang'd, from One, to Nine.

Lindo, who liv'd great as a Lord,
Honour'd by all, almoſt ador'd;
Was ſtrangely piqu'd, to find the Lad
No Grace, nor Better Manners had.
He knows me not (thought he) 'tis true;
But Reverence to my Age is due;
I was not thus in former Years,
Reſpect attended, Silver Hairs:
Now ev'ry rude, ill natur'd Chit,
Thinks Impudence, a piece of Wit.

BUT paſs we this: When up he came,
And found but one poor Shop remain,
Of eighty-two; which there he left,
He ſtood aghaſt! ſome ſay he wept!
O Tempora! O Mores! ſaid he,
Here treated I, my deareſt Lady;
Now' 'ſtead of Pearls, and Diamond Drops,
Cobwebs, are grown o'er all the Shops.
That which is left, looks full as bad,
The Shelves are thin, the Maſter ſad,

What

What he has got, we'll go and try,
For ſure, 'tis Charity to buy.

A noble Purchaſe, *Lindo* made,
Some few ſuch Chaps, wou'd raiſe a Trade,
And falling into Converſe free,
Had this Account of t'other three.
" *Saliſbury*, has, for many Years
" Been *Cecil-Street*, which Name it bears.
" And *Exeter*, has long ſince been
" Tranſmuted, to another Scene,
" Where 'ſtead of Dreſſes for the Head,
" You'll now find Dreſſes, for the Dead.
" The *New Exchange*, no part remains,
" 'Twas thinly peopled, ſmall their Gains,
" And ſince your Honour aſks me why,
" To ſhew the Cauſe, I now will try.

" The Ladies Taſte, is alter'd quite,
" Whether for Grandeur or Delight,
" I can't reſolve! But ſadly find,
" Shop-Trade goes, daily, more behind.
" While pratling Goſſips, they admit
" To interlope, and ſhew their Wit,

" By carrying Tales from one to t'other,
" A world of Faults, in Goods they ſmother.
" They dearer ſell, than we can do,
" And yet, divide our Profit too.
" This hawking Traffick, hugely takes,
" And weekly, freſh Inſolvents makes."

ALL this is wrong, good *Lindo* cries,
And hinders Trade, and Merchandize:
I'm ſorry, for theſe Truths you tell,
And wiſh it better: So farewell.

NOW at *Pontack*'s we'll take a Bit
Shall quicken Nature's Appetite:
Here ſhew a Room; What have you got?
The Waiter (cries) " What have we not;
" All that the Seaſon can afford,
" Freſh, fat, and fine, upon my Word.
" A Guinea Ordinary, Sir?
Ay, ay, let's have it quick and nice,
" I'll ſerve your Honours in a trice.

WELL, Thanks to Fortune there's the *Name*,
The *Houſe*, and *Manners*, ſtill the ſame:
No Change throughout the whole appears
But Faces, by the Length of Years.

Now

Now *Belus*, now, thou ſoon ſhalt ſee
Earth, Air, and Water, yield to Thee
Their Tribute of Variety.

THE Cloth being laid, thereon was ſet
A Service ev'ry way compleat,
Adorn'd, and beautifully dreſs'd,
But what it was, cou'd not be gueſs'd.
They taſte of one, and taſte of t'other,
And gaze, with Wonder, on each other.

HERE (Waiter) you the Truth muſt know,
Quoth *Lindo*, ſpeak your Raree-Show.

" This Birds-Neſt Soup from *China* brought,
" Far fetch'd, and very dearly bought:
" They were beſpoke, Sir, by a Lord,
But to oblige you, broke my Word.

" THAT, a Ragouſt, of fatted Snails,
" Which Novelty now much prevails.
" This *Bantam* Pig, but one Day old,
" Is richly worth its Weight in Gold:
" A Pudding too within it is,
" Made of hard Row, and Ambergris.

" *French* Peaſe are here, in Gravy ſtew'd,
" With Cheeſe, and Garlick, wond'rous good.
" This an incomparable Tart,
" Of Frogs, and Forc'd-meat, made with Art:
" And this ſo nicely ſauced with Shrimp,
" Is Cod, and I can ſwear it Crimp.
" Theſe, Sir, are Chickens in ſurprize,
" The fineſt, ever bleſt my Eyes;
" Aud if your Honour views them well,
" They've not been two Hours, from the Shell.

ZOOKERS (quoth *Lindo*) ſpare your Date.
You make one Puke, to hear you Prate.
Here take away your filthy Treat,
And bring us ſomewhat, we can eat.
A Mutton-Chop, or honeſt Stake,
Some Recompence for this will make.
Which ſmall Refreſhment being made,
And Princely Reckoning, freely paid.
Adieu *Pontack*, for I foreſee
Thou'lt ne'er take Penny more of me:
If this be call'd, an Eating well:
I never ſhall in Taſte excell.

Why

Why (*Belus*) doſt thou pout and frown,
Come tell me, how doſt like the Town.
" Oh! not at all; wou'd we were down.

All in good Time, a while we'll ſtay,
And end this inauſpicious Day!
With ſeeing of a merry Play.
Let's read the Bill, the Town's Delight,
The *Beggars Opera*, to Night:
I warrant 'tis a merry Scene,
Will make us laugh, and eaſe our Spleen,
And ſo let's boldly enter in.

The Dreſs and Muſick, they admire!
But Sound, and Show, will quickly tire,
If Senſe, and Reaſon, are not found
The Baſis of the Work to ground.
So far'd it here, with *Lindo*'s Taſte,
Two tedious Acts were dully paſt,
When Patience fail'd: A Magpie's Chatter,
(Cried he's) beyond this Clitter Clatter,
Of Ballad Fragments, without Matter.
Nor Senſe, nor Moral, Plot, nor End,
To what does all this Fuſtian tend?

Come let's to t'other Houſe repair,
And ſee old Doctor *Fauſtus*, there,
'Tis ſaid he was a Man of Art,
And ſurely now, muſt top his Part,
His dext'rous Slight of Hand ſurvey,
And ſee this Hocus Pocus Play.

AWAY theſe two Inſpectors went,
And for a while were well content.
Till dreadful Dragon, yawn'd for Battle;
Thunder, and Light'ning round them rattle,
Hell open'd, and a Sight diſplay'd,
Might make the ſtouteſt Heart afraid.

AH me! ſigh'd *Lindo*, can this ſtand
With Reaſon, in a Chriſtian Land?
Can we believe Futurity,
And yet ſuch Sights with Pleaſure ſee?
O! dangerous, raſh Impiety.
Here leave we them, unto their Reſt,
How much delighted, may be gueſs'd.

III.

NEXT Morn they roſe not till 'twas late,
When *Lindo*, thus addreſs'd his Mate.

So

So much I have miſtaken been,
In what we have already ſeen,
I'll promiſe nothing for the Day,
But take our Chance, as fall it may.
Let's to the Abby now repair,
And view the ſacred Relicks there;
Th' Antiquities of *England* ſee,
Well worth our Curioſity.
The Tombs run o'er with canting Tone
Of conqu'ring *Edward*; Princeſs *Joan*,
Huddled amuſs, and tack'd together,
Or right or wrong, no Matter whether,
It ſerves the Turn, and gets the Pence,
Chronology is baniſh'd hence.

The Man diſmiſs'd, they walk around,
Many new Monuments they found,
In all Art's Workmanſhip compleat,
Grand, and magnificently neat;
And many fine Inſcriptions read,
Which ne'er belong'd unto the Dead.
See *Belus*, here, what Time diſcovers,
Ladies build Altars to their Lovers:

The

The Huſbands were not jealous ſure,
Elſe ſome Diſtaſte it might procure.
But this in Days of Innocence,
When Love *Platonick* rul'd o'er Senſe,
And neither fear'd, nor gave Offence.

But now we'll to the Park repair,
And breathe the wholeſome Morning Air

All the *Beau Monde*, will there reſort,
And we, perhaps may ſee the Court.
He ſaid; nor waited a Reply,
(Readers will gueſs the Reaſon why)
Humble Companions, mayn't diſpute;
Their Patron's Will, is abſolute.

I wiſh (cried *Lindo*) we may find
A Man, adapted to my Mind;
Who knows the Court, the Park, and Town,
To tell us who? and what is done?
Lo! there ſits one: Ay, that is he,
If Truth is in Phyſiognomy.

Your Servant Sir, if you admit,
We'll reſt a while, upon this Seat.

Gent.

Gent. Sir, 'tis as free for you, as me;
And much I like good Company:
The King, and Queen, will walk to Day,
And for their coming, here I ſtay.
See, they appear! How grand their Mien
Tho' plainly dreſs'd, their Rank is ſeen.
Lindo. But why ſo plain, is *Britain*'s Queen?
Gent. It ſhews her great Humility,
And learns her Subjects Houſewifry.
Lindo. But why ſo thinly guarded here?
Gent. Good Sir, they are devoid of Fear,
They are no Tyrants, dread no Foes,
Their Subjects Love is their Repoſe:
May God preſerve them! ſay I then,
Lindo, I'll be your Clerk, and cry Amen;
But where's the Family to Day?
Gent. They're all rid out, another Way.
Lindo. Look yonder comes a pleaſant Crew
With high-crown'd Hats, long Aprons too;
Good pretty Girls, I vow, and ſwear,
But, wherefore do they hide their Ware.
Gent. Ware, what d'ye mean? What is't you tell?
Lindo. Why? Don't they Eggs, and Butter ſell?

Such Country Laſſes, I ſhou'd know
By gay Experience long ago.

Gent. You know! you are miſtaken quite,
She on the Left-hand dreſt in White,
Is Lady — her Spouſe a Knight;
But for the other lov'ly three,
They all Right Honourable be.

Lindo. Nay, now indeed you make me ſmile,
How pleaſantly you Time beguile,
Mark that affected Toſs, and Stride;
Hands, hung like Bobbins by her Side;
And t'others Arms, on Kimbow bent,
As if to fight, were her Intent.
What tell you us of Ladies fair,
If ſo, the Maſqueraders are;
Such Airs as theſe, can ne'er become
A Front-Box; or the Drawing-Room.
Look, they accoſt ſome round-ear'd Caps,
Straw lin'd with Green, their *May*-day Hats,
What formal Bows, and awkward Daps:
Now Sir, I'm ſure, you cannot fail
To own, theſe carry Milking-Pail;
Their Hats are flatted on the Crown,
And ſhew the Weight that preſs'd them down.

Gent.

Gent. How ſtrangely wrong is your Report.
Theſe Ladies, all belong to Court:
This Faſhionable Diſhabill,
Has long prevail'd, and longer will.
For why this candid Country Dreſs,
Does Native Innocence expreſs:
I find, you have been long abroad,
And do not know the preſent Mode,
Theſe noble Peers, which now you ſee,
Are proud to join their Company.

Lindo. Lords call you them, ſtay let me view!
Well made, if Nature had her due:
Nay, take my Word, are handſome too.
But ſure the Taylor, wrong'd them both,
When to that Suit he cut his Cloth.
What Straitneſs on the Skirts appears?
The Neck, is rais'd up to the Ears;
Which to the flatteſt ſhoulders give
A riſing Fulneſs. As I live!
The Hair, of one is tied behind,
And platted, like a Womankind.

While

While t'other, carries on his back,
In ſilken Bag, a monſtrous Pack:
But pray, what's that much like a Whip,
Which with the Air does wav'ring ſkip
From Side, to Side, and Hip, to Hip.

Gent. Sir, Do not look ſo fierce, and big,
It is a modiſh Pigtail Wig.

Lindo. Z—nds, cannot they this Mode refine,
What deck their Head, with Tail of Swine,
(Forgive my Paſſion, it is Wrong)
But what is that which rides along,
With ſable Helmet, Bever Down,
And Muffler, brac'd up to the Crown,
Pettycoats too; *Oh Homines!*
Some bold, Hermaphrodite, is this.

Gent. Sir, 'tis a Lady chaſte and fair,
Return'd from taking of the Air:
The Hunting Cap, you Helmet call,
Is now a Faſhion with them all.

Lindo. Our Hats and Coats, long worn have they,
And Breeches too, if in their Way,

Then

Then let them bravely mount aſtride,
And like true *Amazonians* ride.

Gent. How obſtinately you purſue
Old Cuſtoms, and condemn the new:
Go on! and proſper; take your Will,
Be reſolute, and peeviſh ſtill:
And yet I'll lay a Guinea Stake,
That I ſhall you a Convert make.
Since ſo diſpleas'd with Negligence,
And Diſabillees give Offence,
View well that Set of Ladies there,
How perfectly well dreſs'd they are,
Not Envy, can a Blemiſh ſpy,
Like Forms in wax, they charm the Eye,
Each, like a Soveraign Queen does move,
And, repreſents the Wife of *Jove*.

Lindo. Why, this is worſe than all the reſt,
A ſomewhat! not to be expreſs'd:
So ſtiff; ſo forced; as if by Art,
A Puppet mov'd, and play'd its Part.

That Length of Stomacher before,
Hook'd down as 'twas in Days of Yore,

No

No graceful Turn, of Neck, admits,
But ſerves our ſenſual Appetites:
For ſeeing thus their Breaſts diſplay'd,
We think an eaſy Conqueſt made,
Tho' Nymphs (perhaps) be as unwilling,
As thoſe, who ſtand in Fear of killing.

THE Length of Waiſt too vile appears,
It lifts the Shoulders, to the Ears:
And Sleeves tuck'd half Way up the Arm,
Sir, call you this a Dreſs to Charm?
It is to qualify a Shame,
To ſeem, as they from waſhing came.

I OWN (with you) theſe are moſt fair,
And nat'rally well ſhapen are;
But if continued at this Rate,
You'll ſcarcely find one Woman ſtrait:

AND as it is, if you but mind,
Not one in fifty, you will find
That is not to one Side Inclin'd.
For by this ſet, unplaited Gown,
The leaſt Defect is fully ſhewn:
And what in one Part is ſuppreſs'd,
Forces its Way into the reſt:

Ev'n

Ev'n Nature is of Health bereav'd,
And Life ebbs out, thus unperceiv'd.

It was not thus in former Days
(I ſpeak it to our Fathers Praiſe,)
Then Cloaths for Ornament were worn,
And Faſhions ſtudied, to adorn:
Eaſy, and free; without Offence,
Or Strain, to Nature's Excellence,
Her Faults conceal'd, her Charms diſplay'd,
Reboubled Beauties, we ſurvey'd.

Gent. Sir, if you can, a Word admit?

Lindo. No Sir, I've not done with them yet:
Thoſe Angel Faces! who can ſee
(And not a griev'd Spectator be,)
Transform'd by Dreſs, like *Friezland* Hen,
With Feathers turning back agen.
The Curls, which ſhou'd the Forehead ſhade,
Stand ſtaring up like Horns diſplay'd,
As if they did our Sex defy!
" (Look for it Men, if e'er you try)
And 'ſtead of graceful Front there ſhows
A Pullet's Rump, juſt o'er the Noſe.

Oh

Oh *Britain!* as Hiſtorians tell,
Thy Women, bore away the Bell;
An handſome Nation, were allow'd,
And *Europe*, to their Beauties bow'd.
But now, alas! 'tis plainly ſhewn,
Of Comlineſs, they're weary grown:
And Men (forſooth) to pleaſe their Taſte,
Diſguiſe themſelves, ev'n full as faſt.
Come *Belus*, now we'll haſten down,
And never more approach the Town.
And Sir, for your Civility,
All humble Thanks receive from me.

A new TOUCH upon the LADIES CAPUCHINS.

THE Ladies, to improve the Faſhion,
Dreſs for a *Popiſh Reformation*:
With Hoods behind, like CAPUCHINS,
To *Sanctify*, and *hide* their Sins:
That when the Pope ſhall pleaſe to liſt her,
Each Fryar may take his Holy Siſter.

THE

THE
Female Metamorphoſis;
OR,
Ladies Tranſorm'd into *China-Cups.*

IN *Homer's Iliad*, and *Odyſſes*,
We read of *jovial Goddeſſes*,
Who never ſat down to Debate
In Council, on Affairs of State,
Without their Cups of *Nectar* by 'em:
Jove ſend, the *Bard* does not bely 'em.

BUT what is meant by *Nectar* there,
Was neither heav'nly *Wine*, nor *Beer*,
As ſome will have it: But I ſay,
It muſt have been ſome heav'nly TEA;
For wou'd it not abſurd appear,
To make ſuch *Topers* of the *Fair?*
I'm right; and I'd be judg'd by *Dennis*,
Who at one Glympſe I'm ſure wou'd ken this:
Pope is of my Opinion too;
And he's infallible — you know —

* Who cloſely following the old *Greek*;
" When mighty *Anne* would Council take,
" *Anna*, whom three Realms obey;
He makes Her *drink a Diſh o'* TEA.

I don't remember, (if I've read of,)
What their *Tea Equipage* was made of;
But by moſt *Authors* 'tis agreed,
Vulcan a *Braſier* was by Trade;
No doubt on't, he their *Kettles* made;
And often us'd to blow the Flame,
And *boil* it for the *Cyprian* Dame:
They ſay, he tended well the *Kettle*;
But we're i' th' dark about the *Mettle*;
Whether 'twas *Silver*, *Tin*, or *Copper*;---
No Matter which; and ſo---we'll drop here.

As o'er their *Tea* each *Goddeſs* ſat,
Each *Cup* inſpir'd 'em with new *Chat*;
They talk'd of ſuch and ſuch a *Pair*,
And ſcandaliz'd each *heav'nly* Fair,
Not *one* eſcap'd, but what were there:
How all the *Gods* had chang'd their Shapes,
Their *Loves* with *Mortals*, and their *Rapes*:

* *Vid.* Pope's *Windſor-Foreſt.*

Hence

Hence all thoſe *Stories* we have met,
Of *Mars* and *Venus* in the Net;
Europa's Bull, and *Danae*'s Show'r;
Of *Leda*'s Swan---A hundred more,
Were nothing elſe, as one may ſay,
But Scandal o'er a *Diſh o' Tea.*

THESE *Stories* round the Heavens flew,
No Matter whether falſe or true;
They made the *Goddeſſes* ſo *jealous*,
They call'd their *Gods* all *idle Fellows*;
Venus tore her lovely Hair,
And Bull-ey'd *Juno* 'gan to ſtare:
In briny Tears *Minerva* cries,
Goddeſs of the Azure Eyes;
Each *Goddeſs* was enrag'd to hear,
A *Mortal* thus preferr'd to her:
" And what (they cry'd) what mortal She,
" Dares rival thus a Deity!-----
" But why ſhould we our ſelves perplex?
" Let us unite our Pow'rs, and vex
" That vain, preſumptuous, mortal Sex.
Agreed, they all their Powers join'd:
From Clay that trebly was refin'd,

They moulded out a beauteous Dame;
I think, *Pandora* was her Name;
When this was done they all combin'd
T' adorn her *Body* and her *Mind*.
Venus pull'd off a *Grace* or two,
And ſlightly o'er her *Features* threw;
Juno gave Majeſtick *Mein*;
Minerva furniſh'd her *within*;
Juno gave her *Tongue* enough;
Minerva made it *ſmooth* and *rough*,
And bid her uſe it at her Will,
And never let it once *ſtand ſtill*:
She tipt it o'er with *Self-Conceit*,
With *Scandal*, *Malice*, *Envy*, *Hate*,
Ingredients which the Fair *complete*.
Thus *form'd*, for *Mercury* they ſend,
And bid him quick to *Earth* deſcend;
To *India*'s Shore to ſteer his Way,
And bring 'em up a Weed call'd TEA.
Like Light he darts him thro' the Air,
And in a Moment's Time gets there;
Before that you cou'd reckon Ten,
They ſay that he return'd agen;

And brought 'em back his *Load of* TEA,
Whether *Imperial*, or *Bohea*,
Is to the Criticks ſtill unknown,
Tho' it has puzzled many a one:
No Matter of what *Sort* it was,
But it was TEA I'm ſure, that's Pos.
This TEA they threw into a Pot,
Then pour'd in *Water*, *boiling Hot*,
Then let it ſtand a while to *ſettle*,
While *Vulcan*, limping, held the *Kettle*.
The Antients were ſo *unpolite*,
Impute it to the Times they writ;
Ladies will think they were uncivil,
To ſtyle their Tea-Pot, *Box of Evil*;
But I muſt tell you by the bye,
In Whiſper betwixt you and I,
'Tis but another Name I ſee,
For what we call a *Pot of* TEA;
I'd prove, they're in Effect the ſame,
And that they differ but in *Name*.

THIS *Liquor* worſe Effects produces
Than *Brandy*, *Punch*, or *Grape*'s red Juices;

And

And 'tis as *heady*, I'll maintain,
When once it riſes in the *Brain*;
But not ſo *generous*, all know,
By *baſe Effects* that from it flow;
Wine does all noble Deeds inſpire,
Adds Fuel to the martial Fire;
And makes Men *Face to Face* attack,
But Ladies quarrel *behind Back*:
They wait, like Birds of Prey, to maul,
And tear the *Characters* that fall;
Or ſit, like Criticks, to diſgrace
The Beauties of ſome *Rival Face*;
For Women *rail*, and Criticks *write*,
Againſt whatever's *fair* or *bright*;
Envy, alike, does *both* inſpire,
Both *hate* what all the World *admire*.
Women unpuniſh'd may *defame*;
Then give the *Criticks* leave to *blame*,
Seeing their *Judgments* are the ſame.
Criticks when Sick of *Envy* grown,
A *Vomit* take at *Helicon*;
And *Ladies*, to inſpire keen Satire,
Will take a *Puke* of *Weeds and Water*.

Hold

Hold here, my Muſe---Now let us ſee,
Where have we left our *Pot o' Tea*.
You know, a while ago we ſaid,
The *Kettle boil'd*, the TEA was made;
This *Pot* was to *Pandora* given,
Curs'd Preſent of revengeful Heaven:
Thus arm'd, the *new created Fair*,
Did to the *Earth* the Preſent bear,
To ſpread her *Store of Evils* there.
The World had never known what's *Evil*,
Only for *Women* and the *Devil*.
Down to the Earth *Pandora* got,
A *Female Bacchus*, with her *Pot*;
And from that Day to this, we ſee,
What *Topers* Women are---*of* TEA.
She lights at firſt among the *Fair*,
Who love whatever's *New* or *Rare*;
And vow'd it was as *good Imperial*,
As *Juno* drank in Realms Ethereal:
She ſaid: And fill'd the *Liquor* out;
Gods! how the *Poiſon* flew about!
After they drank a *Cup* or *two*,
Up to the Head the *Vapours* flew;

And 'ere they ſettled in the Brain,
In *Scandal* were *ſpu'd out* again.
From tepid Lakes ſo Foggs ariſe,
That darken and infeſt the Skies;
Then down they fall, a heavy *Show'r*,
Regardleſs upon whom they *pour*.
Thus Ladies, when their *Cups* prevail,
Ne'er ceaſe to *ſcandalize*, and *rail*;
As Careleſs they at whom they ſtrike,
For *Good* and *Bad* are all alike.

THUS as *Pandora* fill'd and fill'd,
Detraction from each *Cup* diſtill'd;
And *Scandal* reach'd at laſt the Sky,
Changing its Name to Blaſphemy;
Then not a *Goddeſs* was untainted:
Some there affirm'd that *Venus* painted;
And had th' Aſſurance to compare
For Beauty, with th' *immortal Fair*;
Some were ſo *arrogantly bold*,
They ſaid that *Juno* was a *Scold*:
They told a thouſand *Stories* more,
They told each *Goddeſs*'s *Amour*;
That *Gods* for Them had left their Skies,
Preferring them to *Deities*.

INDIGNANT heard the *heav'nly Fair*;
Such Inſults *Deities* can't bear;
Their *Cærule Orbs* roll'd round ſuch Ire,
As almoſt ſet the Heav'ns on Fire.
Down to the Earth, with Wrath replete,
And big with many a *Fair One*'s Fate,
They quick deſcend, in *Clouds* of Air;
Without much Trouble found out where
Pandora entertain'd the *Fair*.
Note, They were viſible to none,
Whene'er theſe *Cloudy Cloaks* were on.
Standing behind each Lady's Back,
They bore a while the *noiſy Clack*:
But Patience ſoon was weary'd out;
Revenge takes Place and flies about:
Whene'er they try'd to take a *Sup*,
Their Hands *ſhook* ſo, each dropt her *Cup*;
Nor *Cup*, nor *Saucer*, *Pot*, or *Bowl*,
Was left upon the Table *whole*;
But all one *common Ruin* ſhare:
Then learn by this, you *ſhort-liv'd Fair*,
Beauty, like theſe, is *brittle Ware*.
It puzzled each *Celeſtial*'s Brain,
How to renew the *Set* again;

For more deſerving Dames than they,
And teach 'em *Caution* o'er their *Tea* :
Their Rage was not, as yet, allay'd ;
They vow'd Deſtruction to each Maid.
Proceed, my Muſe, now to relate
The dire Effects of *Heavenly Hate* ;
And let the *Fair*, for Warning, ſee,
Beauty's ſad Cataſtrophe.

EACH *Cup* ('tis ſaid) was broke to Shatters,
Now as it broke, the *Liquor* ſcatters,
And all the Lady's *Cloaths* beſpatters.
The Company was all amaz'd,
And each upon the other gaz'd ;
One laid the Blame upon the t'other,
All op'd, at laſt, at one another.
Never was ſuch a *Noiſe* and *Pother*---
But lo ; this *Din of Voices* drops ;
They dwindle into *China-Cups* :
Thus, by ſome nice Legerdemain,
The *Tea-Cups* were all *whole* again ;
Their former Beauty ſtill they bear,
And are true *Emblems* of the *Fair* ;
The *Fineneſs* of the *Mould* is ſeen ;
The *white tranſparent poliſh'd* Skin :

The

The *Painting* of the *Face* remains,
And ſtill the pure *Complexion* ſtains:
Gay Monuments of the *Fair* dead,
On which their Epitaphs are read.
Fain would they moiſten ſtill their Clay;
And many a Bumper hold of TEA:
Like faithful Urns, in which are laid,
Preſerv'd, the Reliques of the Dead;
Still do they ope their Mouths to ſpeak,
In vain; they cannot Silence break:
But ſtill retain the Pow'r t' infuſe
In Others the *ill-natur'd Juice*:
Oft are they *turned up*,---and *down*,
Too oft the Fate of many a one;
Thus, by one caſual *Slip*, or *Stroke*,
Tea-Cups, and *M-------ds*, are *broke*.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

SIR,

IT was a moſt unfriendly Part
In you who ought to know my Heart;
Are well acquainted with my Zeal
For all the Females Common-weal.
How cou'd it come into your Mind
To pitch on me of all Mankind,
Againſt the Sex to write a Satire,
And brand me for a Woman-Hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival *Venus* to a Hair:
Their Virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a String.
Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,
Will he his Character belye?

Muſt

Muſt never our Misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only Friend?
Ah, lovely Nymph, remove your Fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious Tears.
Sooner ſhall, &c.

[*Here ſeveral Verſes are omitted.*]

The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.

'Twas you engaged me firſt to write,
Then gave the Subject out of Spite.
The *Journal* of a Modern Dame,
Is by my Promiſe what you claim;
My Word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit,
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe, for not a Line,
Of all the Satire ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
The common Slanders of the Times,
Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
And me my Innocence ſecures:
Unwilling Muſe, begin thy Lay,
The Annals of a Female Day.
By Nature turn'd to play the Rake-well,
As we ſhall ſhew you in the Sequel;

The

The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
Some Authors ſay not quite ſo ſoon;
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her Will,
She ſat all Night up at *Quadrill*.
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
And asks if it be time to riſe.
Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains;
And then to cool her heated Brains,
Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
Takes a large Dram of Citron Water.

THEN to her Glaſs; and *Betty*, pray
Don't I look frightfully to Day?
But, was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a Card:
Four *Mattadores*, and loſe *Codill*;
Depend upon't, I never will!
But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
The Ladies here to Night by Six.
Madam, the Goldſmith waits below,
He ſays, his Buſineſs is to know
If you'll redeem the Silver Cup,
You pawn'd to him. Firſt ſhew him up.
Your Dreſſing-Plate, he'll be content
To take, for Intereſt *Cent per Cent*.

And,

And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*
Hath ſent this Letter by her Maid.
Well, I remember what ſhe won;
And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
Here, carry down thoſe ten Piſtoles,
My Huſband left to pay for Coals:
I thank my Stars, they are all light;
And I may have Revenge to Night.
Now, loitering o'er her Tea and Cream,
She enters on her uſual Theme;
Her laſt Night's ill Succeſs repeats,
Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats:
She ſlipt Spadillo in her Breaſt,
Then thought to turn it to a Jeſt.
There's Mrs. *Cut*, and ſhe combine,
And to each other give the Sign.
Through ev'ry Game purſues her Tale,
Like Hunters o'er their Evening Ale.

Now to another Scene give Place,
Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace:
Freſh Matter for a World of Chat,
Right *Indian* this, right *Macklin* that;
Obſerve this Pattern; there's a Stuff,
I can have Cuſtomers enough.

Dear Madam, you are grown ſo hard,
This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard:
Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
I never ſold ſo cheap a Fan.

THIS Buſineſs of Importance o'er,
And Madam, almoſt dreſs'd by Four;
The Footman, in his uſual Phraſe,
Comes up with, Madam, Dinner ſtays;
She anſwers in her uſual Stile,
The Cook muſt keep it back a-while;
I never can have Time to Dreſs,
No Woman breathing takes up leſs;
I'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick,
I wiſh the Dinner at *Old Nick*.
At Table now ſhe acts her Part,
Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart:
I thought we were to Dine alone,
My Dear, for ſure if I had known
This Company would come to Day,
But really 'tis my Spouſe's Way;
He's ſo unkind, he never ſends
To tell, when he invites his Friends:
I wiſh ye may but have enough;
And while, with all this paultry Stuff,

She ſits tormenting every Gueſt,
Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Reſt,
In Phraſes batter'd, ſtale and trite,
Which Modern Ladies call polite;
You ſee the Booby Huſband ſit
In Admiration at her Wit.

But let me now a-while ſurvey
Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea;
Surrounded with her Noiſy Clans
Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans;
When frighted at the clamorous Crew,
Away the God of Silence flew:
And fair Diſcretion left the Place,
And Modeſty with bluſhing Face;
Now enters over-weening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide,
Hypocriſy with Frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing Air;
Rude Laughter ſeeming like to burſt,
And Malice always judging worſt;
And Vanity with Pocket-Glaſs,
And Impudence with Front of Braſs;
And ſtudied Affectation came,
Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame;

While Ignorance, with Brain of Lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.
WHY ſhould I aſk of thee, my Muſe,
An Hundred Tongues, as Poets uſe,
When, to give ev'ry Dame her Due,
An Hundred Thouſand were too few!
Or how ſhall I, alas! relate,
The Sum of all their ſenſeleſs Prate,
Their Inuendo's, Hints, and Slanders,
Their Meanings lewd, and double Entenders.
Now comes the general Scandal Charge,
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, Madam, if it be a Lye,
You have the Tale as cheap as I:
I muſt conceal my Author's Name,
But now 'tis known to common Fame.
Say, fooliſh Females, Old and Blind,
Say, by what Fatal Turn of Mind,
Are you on Vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt Share?
Thus every Fool herſelf deludes,
The Prudes condemn the abſent Prudes.
Mopſa, who ſtinks her Spouſe to Death,
Accuſes *Chloe*'s tainted Breath:

Hircina

Hircina rank with Sweat, preſumes
To cenſure *Phillis* for Perfumes:
While crooked *Cynthia* ſwearing ſays,
That *Florimel* wears Iron Stays.
Chloe's of ev'ry Coxcomb jealous,
Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
And full of Indignation frets
That Women ſhould be ſuch Coquets.
Iris, for Scandal moſt notorious,
Cries, Lord, the World is ſo cenſorious;
And *Rufa* with her Combs of Lead,
Whiſpers that *Sappho*'s Hair is Red.
Aura, whoſe Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
Talks half a Day in praiſe of Silence:
And *Sylvia* full of inward Guilt,
Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.
Now Voices over Voices riſe;
While each to be the loudeſt vies,
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle Tongue one Moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very Lap-Dog barking;
Their Chattering makes a louder Din
Than Fiſh-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin:

Not School-boys at a barring out,
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant Rout:
The Jumbling Particles of Matter
In Chaos make not ſuch a Clatter:
Far leſs the Rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with ſour Election Ale.
Nor do they truſt their Tongue alone,
To ſpeak a Language of their own;
Can read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look;
Far better than a printed Book.
Convey a Libel in a Frown,
And wink a Reputation down;
Or by the the toſſing of the Fan,
Deſcribe the Lady and the Man.

But, ſee the Female Club diſbands,
Each, twenty Viſits on her Hands:
Now all alone poor Madam ſits,
In Vapours and Hyſterick Fits:

And was not *Tom* this Morning ſent?
I'd lay my Life he never went:
Paſt Six, and not a living Soul!
I might by this have won a Vole.
A dreadful Interval of Spleen!
How ſhall we paſs the Time between.

Here

Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,
And feel my Pulſe, I know it ſtops:
This Head of mine, Lord, how it ſwims!
And ſuch a Pain in all my Limbs!
Dear Madam, try to take a Nap:
But now they hear a Foot-Mans Rap:
Go run, and light the Ladies up:
It muſt be One before we Sup.
The Table, Cards, and Counters ſet,
And all the Gameſter Ladies met,
Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can ſit up all Night;
Who ever comes I'm not within,
Quadrill the Word, and ſo begin.
How can the Muſe her Aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the Terms of Art?
Or in harmonious Numbers put
The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut?
The ſuperfluous Whims relate,
That fill a Female Gameſter's Pate:
What Agony of Soul ſhe feels
To ſee a Knave's inverted Heels:
She draws up Card by Card, to find
Good Fortune peeping from behind;

With

With panting Heart, and earneſt Eyes,
In hope to ſee *Spadillo* riſe;
In vain, alas! her Hope is fed;
She draws an Ace, and ſees it red.
In ready Counters never pays,
But pawns her Snuff-Box, Rings, and Keys.
Ever with ſome new Fancy ſtruck;
Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.
This Morning when the Parſon came,
I ſaid I ſhould not win a Game.
This odious Chair how came I ſtuck in't?
I think I never had good Luck in't.
I'm ſo uneaſy in my Stays;
Your Fan, a Moment, if you pleaſe.
Stand further Girl, or get you gone,
I always loſe, when you look on.
Lord, Madam, you have loſt Codill;
I never ſaw you play ſo ill.
Nay, Madam, give me leave to ſay
'Twas you that threw the Game away;
When Lady *Trickſy* play'd a Four,
You took it with a Matadore;
I ſaw you touch your Wedding-Ring
Before my Lady call'd a King,

You ſpoke a Word began with H,
And I know whom you mean to teach,
Becauſe you held the King of Hearts;
Fie, Madam, leave theſe little Arts.
That's not ſo bad as one that rubs
Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,
And makes her Partner undeſtand
A Matadore is in her Hand.
Madam, you have no cauſe to flounce,
I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce.
And truly, Madam, I know when
Inſtead of Five you ſcor'd me Ten.
Spadillo here has got a Mark,
A Child may know it in the Dark:
I gueſs the Hand, it ſeldom fails,
I wiſh ſome Folks would pare their Nails.
While thus they rail, and ſcold, and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common Form;
Are conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their Due,
It never interrupts the Game,
Or makes 'em ſenſible of Shame.
The Time too precious now to waſte,
The Supper gobbled up in haſte:

Again afreſh to Cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun:
Yet I ſhall not again repeat
How oft they ſquabble, ſnarl and cheat:
At laſt they hear the Watchman knock,
A froſty Morn---Paſt Four a Clock.
The Chair-men are not to be found,
Come, let us play the t'other Round.

Now, all in haſte they huddle on
Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone,
But firſt, the Winner muſt invite
The Company to-morrow Night.

Unlucky Madam left in Tears,
Who now again *Quadrill* forſwears,
With empty Purſe and aching Head,
Steals to her ſleeping Spouſe to Bed.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

A SET of Phraſes learnt by Rote,
A Paſſion for a Scarlet Coat;
When at a Play to laugh, or cry,
Yet canot till the Reaſon why:
Never to hold her Tongue a Minute;
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it,
Whole Hours can with a Coxcomb Sit,
And take his Nonſence all for Wit:
Her Learning mounts to read a Song:
But, half the Words pronouncing wrong;
Has evr'y Repartee in Store
She Spoke ten Thouſand Times before;
Can ready Complements ſupply
On all Occaſions, cut and dry.
Such Hatred to a Parſon's Gown,
The ſight will put her in a Swoon.

For Converſation well endu'd;
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing Raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt Failing:
Nor make a Scruple to expoſe
Your Bandy-Leg, or crooked Noſe;
Can, at her Morning Tea, run o'er
The Scandal of the Day before.
Improving hourly in her Skill,
To cheat and wrangle at *Quadrille*.

In chuſing Lace a Critick nice,
Knows to a Groat the loweſt Price;
Can in her Female Clubs diſpute
What Lining beſt the Silk will ſuit;
What Colour each Complexion match;
And where with Art to place a Patch.

If chance a Mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a Fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams if it comes near her;
She raviſhes all Hearts to hear her;
Can dext'rouſly her Huſband teaze,
By taking Fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe:

By frequent Practice learns the Trick,
At proper Seaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one Airs ſo pretty,
At once creating Love and Pity.
If *Molly* happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her Hair-Lace,
She gets a Cold as ſure as Death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her Breath;
Admires how modeſt Women can
Be ſo *robuſtious* like a Man.

In Party, furious to her Power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory Sow'r;
Her Arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe wou'd defend:
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain
From Principles the Whigs maintain;
And, to defend the whiggiſh Cauſe,
Her Topicks from the Tories draws.

O Yees! if any Man can find
More Virtues in a Woman's Mind,
Let them be ſent to Mrs. * *Harding*;
She'll pay the Charges to a Farthing:

* *A Printer.*

Take Notice, ſhe has my Commiſſion
To add them in the next Edition;
They may out-ſell a better Thing;
So, holla boys; God ſave the King.

VERSES to Dr. SWIFT on the foregoing POEM.

ILLUSTRIOUS Doctor! pray excuſe
The ſallies of a female Muſe.
You criticiſe, tho' deaf, and blinking,
On our bad *Engliſh*, Dreſſing, Thinking.
Now you'r become moroſe and Stupid,
Secure againſt the Darts of *Cupid*;
Old *Pegaſus* you gall and tire,
To Spatter us with Dirt and Mire.
It's to the World vaſt Information,
To tell we're fond of Dreſs and Faſhion;
And to the publick mighty uſeful,
To read of dirty ſhift and Cloſe-ſt--l.
We *never hold our Tongues a Minute,*
Tho' all we ſay has nothing in it:
Who's in the Fault? if our * Creator
Forms Souls as blank as ſpotleſs Paper;

* *According to Mr.* Lock, *who won't allow innate Ideas.*

Then

Then Ladies by Scholaſtick Knowledge,
Improv'd by Tutors ſent to College,
Might tell a Mood, a Noun, or Caſe,
As ready as the Price of Lace:
Might read old *Homer* with more ſkill,
Than chuſe a ſilk, or play *Quadrill*;
Wou'd like a *Boyle* before a *Handall*,
Nor doat on Coxcombs, or on Scandal.
A ſkilful Poet, like a Painter,
Whether he's ſerious or in banter,
Keeps Madam Nature in his Eye,
Or elſe the Work's not worth a Fly.
But you ſo far exceed her Rules,
And make our Sex ſuch monſtrous Fools,
That were all Men to think like you,
A *Chaos* muſt of Courſe enſue.
Your Brother Poets you have long ſince
Accus'd of moſt egregious Nonſenſe;
You'r now become as good a Diver,
As *Dennis*, *Philips*, or *Centlivre*.
In your new Region take the Chair,
Blackmore reſign, he's rightful Heir.

AN INVENTORY OF A LADY's DRESSING-ROOM.

BEAUTY alone inſpires my lay,
She traces out the flow'ry way;
She varies every verſe I ſing;
Beauty's an unexhauſted ſpring:
For where ſhe chuſes her abode
There leads the true *Parnaſſian* road;
There his fixt ſeat *Apollo* chuſes,
There without ſummons flock the *muſes*:
Inſpir'd by *Beauty* I preſume
To ſing the *Lady*'s *Dreſſing-Room*:
No *formal order* here is found,
But *gay confuſion* ſtrows the ground:
A *ſhop* of millenary wares:
A *Magazine* of female airs;
What hands can ſhape or heads produce,
All modes, or in or out of uſe:

But what you ſaw, O *Muſe*, rehearſe,
And ſing a *Catalogue* in *verſe*.

A *fan*, that many a mounting coſt;
An *equipage*---the trinkets--loſt:
A *feather*, late a ſhining flow'r;
A *watch* that never minds the hour:
A *buſk* long us'd to bear the yoke;
A *croſiatt*, from the necklace broke:
A *ſhell*, retentive once of *ſnuff*:
A *caſe* once maſter of a *muff*:
A *mantile*, that has loſt a wing;
A *cawl*, with diſobedient ſtring:
Far from its *head* a *wire* miſlaid;
A *ſlipper* from its fellow ſtray'd:
Here *knots*, that can no longer kill;
There *lappets*, learning to lie ſtill:
Here *aprons* throwing off their *fringes*,
There *boxes* flying from their *hinges*:
Worn *petticoats* loſt *mantuas* mourning;
Full dreſſes into *night-gowns* turning:
Tuckers to *pinners* lending *laces*,
And *breadths*, like *ſtateſmen*, changing *places*.

A *girdle* o'er its *buckle* bound,
Wrapt like a ſnake in its own round:

A *hood*, long pleas'd with graceful pride,
To ſhew the face it ſeem'd to hide:
A *quilting-frame*, long doom'd to ſtand,
Or freed by *Nelly*'s aiding hand:
Here ſhatter'd *hoops* of plyant cane
Exil'd from their *Elyſian* reign:
There *ribs* of *Whale*, by time decay'd,
(Proud of the ſhape they took) not made:
A *ring*, with *motto* out of date,
Sad proſpect of its giver's fate:
A *breaſt-knot* late a dangerous ſnare,
That bids of faded charms beware:
A *net*, no longer laid for hearts,
A *parrot*, of leſs pleaſing parts:
A *dog*, not ſtroak'd with wonted care,
For all his growth of toupeed hair:
A *monkey* chain'd to good behaviour;
Tho' now and then receiv'd in favour:
A *cage*, its little inmate flown;
Hence warn'd, ſecurely guard your own:
The *ſtory* of a maid *undone*,
Sweet ruin! taught by others, ſhun:
A *ſermon* never to be read;
They need no guide who cautious tread.

THE *toilette* here not laid in ſtate
Scarce half employs the hands that wait;
And to the fair ſmall aid imparts,
Ill furniſh'd with *coſmetic* arts:
Here no falſe *flatt'ring glaſs* is fixt;
Here no *Camelion water* mixt;
No *paſte* with plaſtic labour ſpread;
No *furrow* ſmooth'd with *level lead*;
And how cou'd *cheeks* of *Spaniſh dye*
With *nature*'s purer *roſes* vye?
How the ſick *pale* of *Biſmute* ſhow
With hands more white than feather'd ſnow?
What envious *breath* of faint *perfume*
Can copy *health*'s ſweet flow'ry bloom?
What *mimick Tinge* of *ruby* hue
Supply the *lips ambroſial* dew?
None here the *chymic oil* prepare
To give a gloſs to cheſnut hair:
Or nightly *traps* inſidious lay,
To catch *new eye-brows* for the day.
Vain arts! that in ſlight fetters hold,
And left to the deform'd and old;
Who, deſtitute of native arms
Attempt to wound with borrow'd charms.

LET no rich *jar* adorn *this room*,
No *carpet* wrought in *Perſian* loom,
No *branch* from *figur'd cieling* fall ;
No *Belgic tap'ſtry* cloath the wall :
Hang here no piece of *roman* hand,
Here let no *Gretian ſculpture* ſtand ;
Diana bathing tho' it be,
Or *Venus* riſing from the ſea :
Where *art* and *nature* ſeem at ſtrife,
No *image* truly equals *life* ;
And who by folly not betray'd
Wou'd quit the *ſubſtance* for the *ſhade* ?
Where *beauty* condeſcends to reign
All other *ornaments* are vain.

On the New Faſhioned FANS *with* MOTTO's.
An EPIGRAM.

A SPEAKING FAN ! a very pretty thought ;
The toy is ſure to full perfection brought :
It is a *noble*, *uſeful*, *great* deſign,
May the projector's genius ever ſhine !
The fair one now, need never be alone :
A *Hardſhip* ſometimes on the Sex is thrown ;
For female *Notions* are of that extent,
Impoſſible, one Tongue ſhould give 'em vent.

New

New ſchemes of dreſs, intrigue, and play,
Want new expreſſions every Day:
And doubly bleſt! muſt be that mortal Man,
Who may *Converſe* with *Sylvia* and her FAN.

To a GENTLEMAN *who ſaid* WOMEN *were Fit for Nothing but to Drink* TEA, *and Mend their Huſband's* BREECHES.

CEASE madneſs, ceaſe, and ere too late attend
The faithful dictates of a Youthful Friend.
If Juſtice fires, let Prudence hide thy Rage,
Nor tempt the cenſure of a partial age;
Prompt not the laugh of ev'ry ſlave to love,
Nor ſeek the ſneer of keener wit to prove;
Shun the dread frown of all the juſt and wiſe,
From thee who err, and erring who deſpiſe.
The favour'd few who ſhare the tuneful art,
Shall wing the pointed ſatire to thy Heart:
For none think Right, that praiſe is only thine,
Thoughts falſe as theſe may flow in verſe divine;--

" THAT Eye, how veil'd! how dim! to Woman Blind,
" Where brighteſt tracts of heav'nly skill we find;
" Where all the hight'nings of Creation glow,
" And life and charm to all the piece beſtow.——

" How dark, how cold the hapleſs ſoul muſt prove,
" Nor warm'd by Beauty, nor illum'd by Love!
" In that dull clime, Beneath Perpetual gloom,
" Can reaſon Bloſſom, or can knowledge Bloom?
" Can wit gay-riſing ſpread the flow'ry ſcene?—
" Truth break the cloud, and ſhew the bright ſerene?
" Thro' depths of ſnow as well may roſes Bluſh,
" From the dry rock impatient Waters guſh;
" In endleſs winter, and Eternal Night
" Rich plenty ſpring, and Beauty Charm the ſight.
" Thus far may pity Prompt the gen'rous ſigh,
" And call the tear Obſequious to the Eye;
" But durſt the Wretch thus loſt, thus ſunk, be Vain?
" And joys beyond his ſcanty graſp Prophane?——
" This muſt be malice kindled from Below, [Blow."
" This fires to wrath, and Prompts th' avenging

THEN may ſome wag, with grave pretence to ſave
Thy ſinking Honour from the gaping grave,
Reſponding, thus awake the ſleeping ſtring,
And wrap in ſoothing ſounds the ſecret ſting.—
" Nor malice glows within his peaceful breaſt,
" Nor tinkling folly, his peculiar gueſt;
" He guiltleſs ſpeaks it, and he knows nor why—
" 'Tis nature Prompts—and who can nature fly?
" As when the moon, refulgent queen of Night,
" O'er Purple æther pours a ſilver light,

" Thro'

" Thro' Night's dim curtain ſhows the ſolemn ſcene,
" And ſilence nodding on the deep'ned green,
" Man pleas'd looks up, and as his Eye ſurveys,
" He greets the uſeful light with mental praiſe.
" —If Chance his Dog attend him to the field,
" Uncharm'd with all that quiet peace can Yield,
" With earneſt Eye he views the lambent fire,
" And barks, alone that ſilence may retire.—
" Or this deny'd, to ſave more thought and pain,
" I anſwer, he's a Dog, that reaſon's plain;
" Nor more the cur than other curs to Blame,
" Since *Tray* and *Towzer* always do the ſame.—

SHOU'D thus my friend the ſhafts of Wit pervade,
And *Phœbus* lend thy bold detractors aid,
What can I do to ſhield thee from the dart?
The humbleſt ſharer of the heav'nly art.—

CEASE then, nor vainly Tempt ſuperior might,
Virtue and truth are arming for the fight;
In vain you ſtrive to Wound the female Name,
Secure—the darling of immortal fame.
And ſhou'd unthankful Earth with fiends combine
Her tongue to ſilence, or her courſe confine,
She'd ſhout their praiſe where none but angels ſtray,
And ecchos anſwer thro' the realms of Day:

COME then with me, and touch'd with gen'rous Fire,
To ſong like this attune the raviſh'd lyre.

May

May he who ſlights the favours of the fair,
(What greater curſe!) thoſe favours never ſhare,
Or give him, heav'n! (if ſuch an one there be)
One with the faults he gives to ev'ry ſhe—
One only fit prerogative to plead,
Or galligaſkins mend in time of need.
And may his need that help ſo oft require,
That e'en this taſk loquacious wrath may fire,
Then aid her lungs, oh! make 'em braſs ye pow'rs,
Fate fix him near—oh! time! extend the hours—
Nor can his wayward ſoul repine at heav'n,
When all he hopes to find in Woman's giv'n.
For to withhold e'en Mercy muſt be free
The Charms he cannot, or he will not ſee—

But ſmile, ye fair, indulgent on my Song;
To you my lays, my earlieſt lays belong.
Oh! let me ſhare the treaſures you poſſeſs,
Form'd as the deputies of heav'n to bleſs.
Your praiſe ſhall ſtill my youthful Tongue employ,
The life of life, the ſoul, the ſource of joy!

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